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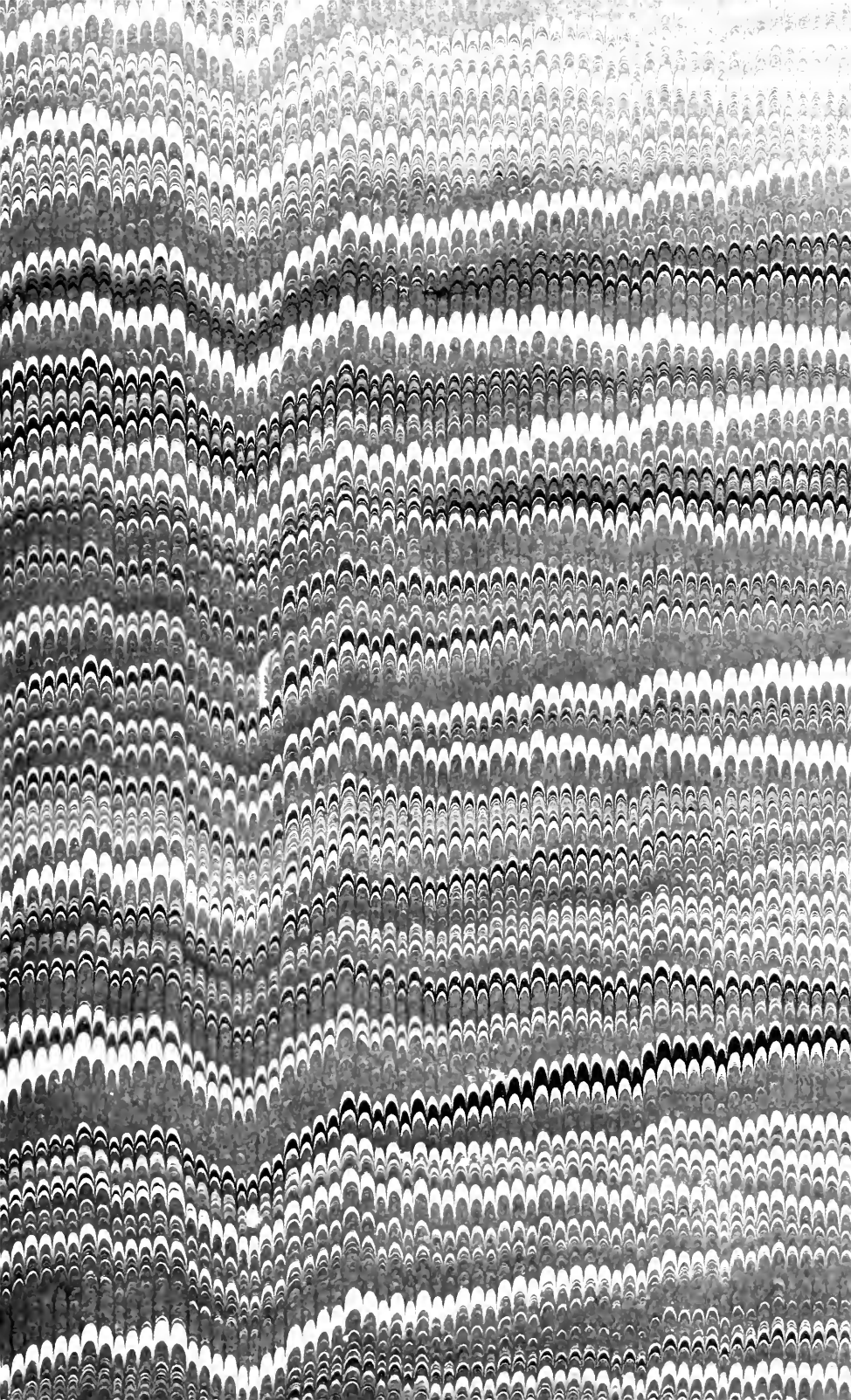
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Great assises holden in Parnassus



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THE  
GREAT ASSISES  
HOLDEN IN PARNASSUS  
BY  
APOLLO  
AND  
HIS ASSESSOVRS.

G. Wither.  
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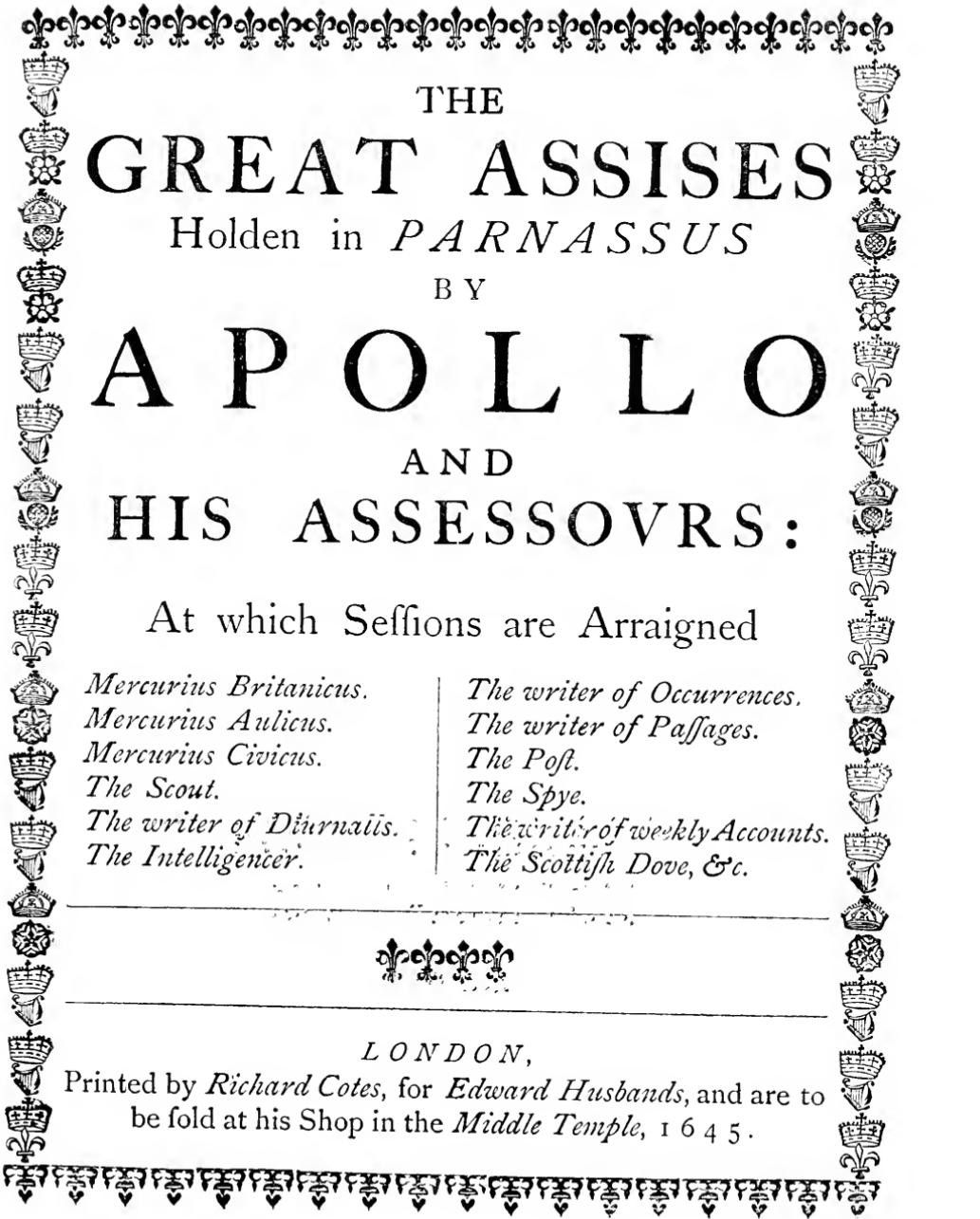
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1885.



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,  
MANCHESTER.



THE  
GREAT ASSISES  
Holden in *PARNASSUS*  
BY  
A P O L L O  
AND  
HIS ASSESSOVRS:

At which Sessions are Arraigned

*Mercurius Britanicus.*

*Mercurius Aulicus.*

*Mercurius Civicus.*

*The Scout.*

*The writer of Diurnalls.*

*The Intelligencer.*

*The writer of Occurrences.*

*The writer of Passages.*

*The Post.*

*The Spye.*

*The writer of weekly Accounts.*

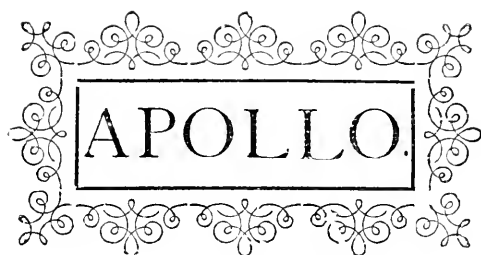
*The Scottish Dove, &c.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Richard Cotes*, for *Edward Husbands*, and are to  
be sold at his Shop in the *Middle Temple*, 1645.





<i>The Lord</i> VERVLAN,	ERASMUS ROTERODAM.
<i>Chancellor of Parnassus.</i>	JUSTUS LIPSIVS
Sir PHILIP SIDNEY,	JOHN BARCKLAY
<i>High Constable of Par.</i>	JOHN BODINE
WILLIAM BVDEVS,	ADRIAN TVRNEBVS
<i>High Treasurer.</i>	ISAAC CASAVBON
JOHN PICVS, <i>Earle</i>	JOHN SELDEN
<i>of Mirandula, High</i>	HVGO GROTIVS
<i>Chamberlaine.</i>	DANIEL HEINSIVS
JVLIVS CESAR	CONRADVS VOSSIVS
SCALIGER	AUGUSTINE MASCARDVS

### *The Furours.*

*George Wither*  
*Thomas Cary*  
*Thomas May*  
*William Davenant*  
*Josuah Sylvester*  
*Georges Sandes*  
*Michael Drayton*  
*Francis Beaumont*  
*John Fletcher*  
*Thomas Haywood*  
*William Shakespeare*  
*Philip Mafsinger.*

### *The Malefactours.*

*Mercurius Britanicus*  
*Mercurias Aulicus*  
*Mercurius Civicus*  
*The Scout*  
*The writer of Diurnals*  
*The Intelligencer*  
*The writer of Occurrences*  
*The writer of Passages*  
*The Poste*  
*The Spye*  
*The writer of weekly Accounts*  
*The Scottish Dove, &c.*

A 2

J o-

JOSEPH SCALIGER,  
the Cenfour of man-  
ners in *Parnaffus*.

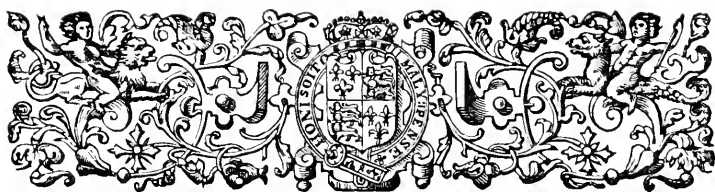
BEN. JOHNSON, Kee-  
per of the Trophonian  
Denne.

JOHN TAYLOR, Cry-  
er of the Court.

EDMUND SPENCER,  
Clerk of the Affises.

---

THE



## The PROEME.

**H***Ust teares commix'd with streams of guiltles blood  
May shew our woes, but not their period ;  
For this Heaven onely can affixe : Why then,  
Trust wee to armes or stratagems of men ?  
Expecting peacc, or any faire accord,  
From Counsels wise, or the victorious Sword ;  
Since Heaven alone these evils can conclude,  
Which Sinne first caus'd and on us did obtrude.  
Could wee eject this cause, wee might find Peace :  
For causes failing, then effects surcease.  
Wee need demand no counsell from the Starres,  
To know the ifsue of these bloody Warres :  
No Sibylles bookes or Oracles wee need,  
To bee inform'd of things that shall succeed :  
No Oracle of Delphos, but of Sion,  
No booke, but that of God, must wee relie on.*

*No*

*No Starre, but Jacobs Starre, can doe the feate,  
To end our woes, and make our joyes compleate.  
Could I th' harmonious sorrowes parallel  
Of the incested mournfull Philomel :  
Or could I imitate that fatall note,  
Which is effused from the silver throte  
Of that faire Bird, y' cleapt Apollo's Priest,  
Who clad in feather'd Albe, with his soft brest  
Divides the surface of the crySTALL stream,  
And dying sings his owne sad requiem ;  
Then might I such sad Elegies devise,  
As would become our mournfull tragedies.  
But give mee leave a space for to dismisse  
Melpomene, and bloudy Nemefis,  
And to elect a style which may appeare  
More mild to many, though to some severe.*

*Learnd*



*Earn'd Scaliger*, the second of the twaine,  
 Second to none in Arts, did late complaine  
 To wise *Apollo*, of some strange abuses,  
 Committed against him and the *Nine Muses*:  
 For *Scaliger* had beene *Grave Censour* long,  
 In *Learnings Commonwealth*, and liv'd among  
 The people of *Parnassus*, in such fame,  
 That all the world tooke notice of his name :  
 Himselfe hee humbly to his Lord addrest,  
 And in these termes, his inward thoughts exprest.  
 (*Dread Prince*) to whose benevolous aspect  
 Wee owe our Arts, and Hearts, with all respect  
 Which may bee due unto a Sovereigne Lord,  
 Who rules by Love, and Law, not by the Sword ;  
 I, whom your *Majesty* daign'd to create  
*Censour of manners*, in the *Learned State*,  
 Obliged by the dutie of my place,  
 Humbly presume to importune your Grace,  
 Unto my votes to adde your royall will,  
 For a redresse of some abuses ill.

Needs

Needs muſt wee thoſe advantages confeſſe,  
 Which wee reape from the literary Preſſe,  
 A priviledge which our forefathers wanted,  
 Although to us Heaven it benignly granted :  
 This engine of the *Muſes* doth diſperſe  
 Arts beſt achievements, both in Proſe and Verſe :  
 It vents with eaſe, labours of learned braines,  
 And doth the hand quit from a world of paines :  
 Thoſe *Wonders*, of which elder ages boalt,  
 Had almoſt all forgotten been, and loſt,  
 If this *Eighth Wonder* had not been contriv'd,  
 Whereby the other ſeven have been reviv'd.  
*Your Grace* well knowes (I need not to relate)  
 How *Typographie* doth concerne your ſtate,  
 Which ſome pernicious heads have ſo abus'd,  
 That many wiſh it never had been us'd :  
 This inſtrument of Art, is now poſſeſt  
 By ſome, who have in Art no intereſt ;  
 For it is now imploy'd by Paper-waſters,  
 By mercenary ſoules, and Poëtaſters,  
 Who weekly utter, ſlanders, libells, lies,  
 Under the name of ſpecious novelties :  
 Thus *Captaine Raſhingham's* undone, and loſt,  
 For theſe his trade and cuſtome have engroſt :  
And

And Hee, (for to maintaine an honest port)  
 Is forc'd t' accept an office in your Court ;  
 Hee in your Graces kitchen plucks the Widgeons,  
 Geefe, Dotterells, and Duckes, and all tame Pidgeons,  
 And for his labour hee their plums retaines,  
 Wages, that fute his perfon, and his paines ;  
 But let not your *High Majesty* mistake,  
 And thinke that my complaint is for his fake :  
 If this abuse touch'd onely fuch as hee,  
 It were no grievance, but a remedy :  
 For *Truth*, and *Morall Vertues* injur'd are ;  
 The *Mufes*, and the *Graces* beare a fhare,  
 In thefe notorious wrongs, with all that love  
*Parnaffus*, or the *Heliconian Grove* :  
 Therefore (*Great Prince*) vouchsafe for to apply  
 Your Sovereaigne power, and authority,  
 To vindicate your fubjects, and to curbe  
 Thofe Varlets, that your government difturbe.  
 Thus fpake the *Cenfour*, then *Apollo* fhook  
 His harnifh'd lockes, and with a frowning look,  
 Declar'd his difcontent ; but having paus'd,  
 Hee thus reply'd : *Grave Cenfour* I'm amaz'd,  
 To heare the impudent affronts of thefe  
 That thus contemne our Lawes, and our decrees,

B

But

But (by this golden Scepter) they shall try  
 What 'tis to trespasse on our lenity :  
 If our remifneffe hath made them transgreffe,  
 They shall perceive that wee can make it leffe,  
 In their sharpe punishment. Thus *Phœbus* ends,  
 And then Hee for *Torquato Taffo* fends ;  
 Under whose charge some Companies were lifted  
 Of that stout Gend'army, which consisted  
 Of Heroick Poets, whose high valour was,  
 No meane defense, but a magnifick grace  
 Unto the Sacred Hill : this Regiment,  
 On summons short, was ever ready bent  
 To execute *Apollo's* just commands,  
 With hearts couragious, and with armed hands.  
 Stout *Taffo* did in sturdy buffe appeare,  
 And after reverence done, desir'd to heare  
 His Graces pleasure ; who foone gave him orders,  
 With all his Cavalry, to scoure the borders  
 Of high *Parnassus*, and low *Helicon*,  
 And to bring in alive, or dead, each one  
 That had discovered been, or to defile  
 The Presse with Pamphlets scarrilous, and vile,  
 Or to have traduc'd with malignant spirits,  
 Persons of honorable worth, and merits.

*Taffo*

*Taffo* departs with these instructions,  
 And muster'd up his witty *Myrmidons* :  
 The trumpet to the stirrop gives a call :  
 They bustle to their armes, and mounted all,  
 Hasten to their Rendezvous without delay,  
 And put in ranke, and file, they march away :  
 For *Taffo* no advantage did decline,  
 To prosecute the better his design ;  
 Hee into squadrons three his Troopes dissect,
 And unto severall quarters them direct,  
 That traversing the countrey round about,  
 They might the sooner find these foxes out ;  
 In each suspicious angle *Taffo* seekes,  
 And in this inquisition spent some weekes :  
 Nor did his other parties with neglect  
 Performe what they injoynd were to effect ;  
 The limits of *Parnassus* they surround,  
 And *Helicon*, with verdant Laurells crown'd :  
 Mount *Pindus*, and those valleys ever greene  
 Where pale *Pyrene*, and pure *Hippocrene*  
 In liquid crytall rise, they search'd throughout ;  
 Nor was the Vale of *Tempe* left unfought :  
 Nor did their labours misse successe desir'd :  
 For they, before a moneth was full expir'd,

Had clear'd the coasts, and many pris'ners gain'd ;  
 Which malefactors they in chaines detain'd,  
 And them convey'd unto *Apolloes* Court,  
 Who welcom'd *Tasso* in most gracious fort :  
 And for his faithfull service, him hee made  
 Lieutenant Generall of that proud Brigade  
 Of the Italian Poets : This reward  
 Made elder *Dante*, and *Petrarch* to regard  
 His dignitie with ill affected eyes :  
 And *Ariosto* discontent likewise :  
 But *Phæbus* did brave *Tasso's* merit weigh  
 By reason, but in scales of passion they ;  
 And when hee did perceive that they did fret,  
 To see themselves behind their Junior set,  
 Hee them assur'd they must expect t' inherit  
*Parnassus* honours not by time, but merit.  
 But when *Apollo* with his radiant looke  
 The Pris'ners had into amazement strooke,  
 Hee caus'd those guiltie foules to bee convey'd  
 To the *Trophonian denne*, there to bee laid  
 In Irons cold, untill they should bee brought  
 To tryall for those mischiefs they had wrought.  
*Apollo* then a solemne summons sent  
 To all those honour'd Peers that did frequent

*The*

*The Learned Hill*, and strictly them enjoyn'd,  
 Him to attend, upon a day assign'd :  
 For in a full *Afsife* hee did intend  
 The crimes of theſe delinquents to perpend :  
 His loyall Nobles fail'd not, to reſort  
 (Without delay) unto their Soveraignes Court,  
 And on the day, which was for judgement ſet,  
 They all in the Prætorian hall were met :  
 Where *Phœbus*, on his high tribunall fate,  
 With his *Aſſeſſours*, in triumphant ſtate ;  
 Sage *Verulam* ſublim'd for ſcience great,  
 As *Chancellour*, next him had the firſt feat :  
 And next to him, *Budeus* did appear,  
 Hee of *Parnaffus* was *High Treafurer* :  
*Sidney* tooke place upon the other ſide,  
 Who th' office of *High Conſtable* ſupply'd :  
 But *Picus* of *Mirandula*, (who was  
*High Chamberlaine*) aſſumed the fourth place ;  
 The elder *Scaliger* his place then tooke  
 Before *Erasmus*, who ſhew'd in his looke  
 Diſtaſte, for hee (like *Pompey*) tooke diſpleaſure  
 To ſee himſelfe put downe by *Julius Ceſar*.  
 In cuerpo then did *Juſtus Lipſius* ſit,  
 Who more devotion had expreſt then wit,

When to an *Image* hee bequeath'd his gown ;  
 But had hee not been for a *Turnecoate* known,  
 His offer'd garment might have found esteeme,  
 Which fitter for a Frippery did seeme,  
 Then for her use, to whom it was presented.  
 Next him fate *Barclay*, somewhat discontented,  
 'Cause hee had fail'd in finding that respect,  
 Which hee from *Romes Archflamen* did expect.  
*Bodine, Turnebus, Casaubon and Grotius,*  
*Mascardus, Heinsius, Selden, Vossius,*  
 Approved Criticks all, did there appeare  
 On the judiciall Bench with lookes severe.  
 But when old *Camden* thought to take his place,  
*Apollo* him repuls'd with some disgrace :  
 For hee of late receiv'd had a complaint  
 From hands of credit, which did him attain  
 Of misdemeanours, acted in a story,  
 That did detract from a *Great Ladies* glory,  
 Wherein hee was accus'd to have reveal'd  
 Some things, which better might have been conceal'd  
 Had they been truths : What madnesse him misled,  
 T'asperse the ashes of that *Phoenix* dead,  
 With notes of infamy, whose fun'rall flame  
 Ravish'd the world with th'odour of her fame ?

Doubt-

Doubtleffe the living hee to flatter knew,  
 Much better then to give the dead her due.

(The Court thus fet) the sturdy *Keeper* then  
 Of the unhospitall *Trophonian Den*,  
 His trembling Pris'ners brought unto the barre ;  
 For sterne aspect, with *Mars* hee might compare,  
 But by his belly, and his double chinne,  
 Hee look'd like the old Hoste of a *New Inne*.  
 Thus when fowre *Ben* his fetter'd cattell had  
 Shut up together in the pinfold fad :  
*John Taylour*, then the Courts shrill *Chanticleere*,  
 Did fummon all the *Jurours* to appeare :  
 Hee had the Cryers place : an office fit,  
 For him that hath a better voyce, then wit.  
 Hee, who was called first in all the List,  
*George Withers* hight, entitled Satyrist ;  
 Then *Cary*, *May*, and *Davenant* were call'd forth ;  
 Renowned Poets all, and men of worth,  
 If wit may passe for worth. Then *Sylvester*,  
*Sands*, *Drayton*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, *Mafsinger*,  
*Shakespeare*, and *Heywood*, Poets good and free ;  
 Dramatick writers all, but the first three :  
 These were empanell'd all, and being sworne  
 A just and perfect verdict to returne,

A

A Malefactor then receiv'd command,  
 Before the Barre to elevate his hand ;  
*Mercurius Britanicus* by name,  
 Was hee, who first was call'd to play his game :  
 Then *Edmund Spenser* Clarke of the Assise,  
 Read the Endictment loud, which did comprise  
 Matters of scandall, and contempt extreme,  
 Done 'gainst the Dignitie, and Diademe  
 Of great *Apollo*, and that legall course,  
 Which throughout all *Parnassus* was in force.  
 For use of Mercury hee was accus'd,  
 Which weekely hee into his inke infus'd,  
 Thereby to murther, and destroy the fame  
 Of many, with strange obloquie, and shame.  
 Hee likewise was accus'd, to have purloin'd  
 Some drachmes of wit, with a felonious mind,  
 From *Helicon*, which hee in Satyrs mixt,  
 To make some laugh, and others deeply vext.  
 Unto his charge they likewise did object,  
 That when hee saw his lines could not effect  
 His ends, and aymes, which were his foe to kill,  
 Or else to make him throw away his quill ;  
 That then hee fought by magick Arts to call  
*Archilochus* his ghost from *Pluto's* hall,

To

To teach him how such language to indite,  
As might make some even hang themselves for spite.

This was his charge in brief; (which being read)

To his indictment he was call'd to plead :

Not guilty, he replies, and did submit

Himselfe to the integrity and wit

Of twelve sufficient Poets, but entreated,

To heare the Jurours names againe repeated :

(Which done) hee on exceptions did insist,

Afferted against divers of the list.

On confident *George Withers* first hee fix'd,

As one unfit with others to bee mix'd

In his arraignment, for he did protest,

That *Withers* was a cruell Satyrift;

And guilty of the same offence and crime,

Whereof hee was accused at this time :

Therefore for him hee thought it fitter farre,

To stand as a Delinquent at the barre,

Then to bee now empanell'd in a Jury.

*George Withers* then, with a Poetick fury,

Began to bluster, but *Apollo's* frowne

Made him forbear, and lay his choler downe.

But *Phæbus*, thus *Britanicus* corrects,

Our Majesty (said hee) which still protects

C

The

The innocent, but doth offendours scourge,  
 Ingag'd is honest *Withers* for to purge  
 From this offence : for his impartiall pen  
 Did rather grosse abuses taxe, then men :  
 Or that hee did transgresse, let us admit ;  
 Since long agoe, hee smarted for his wit.  
 Nor was *Britanicus* with this abash'd,  
 For with his cavils hee fought to have dash'd  
 Two other able Jurours, and these were  
 Deserving *Sands* and gentle *Sylvester* :  
 To these opprobrious language hee affords,  
 And them Translators call'd, and men of words,  
 No Poets, but meer Rhymers, for (saide hee)  
 Invention is the foule of poesie,  
 And who can say, that such a foule as this,  
 Is to bee found in their abilities ?  
 For these are bondmen to anothers stile,  
 And when they have bestow'd much time, and toile,  
 They doe but what, before, was better done ;  
 For Poemes lose by their translation,  
 And are deprived of that lustre brave,  
 Which their originalls are wont to have :  
 Yea all the workes of these Translators vaine,  
 Are rather labour of the hand, then braine :  
Their

Their asinine endeavours have effected,  
 That nobler tongues and arts are now neglected ;  
 While they in vulgar language represent  
 Those notions which from vulgar wits dissent :  
 This knot of Knaves the Common-wealth afflicts  
 Of your *Parnassus* with their juggling tricks ;  
 For Rubies which in gold at first were set,  
 They into copper put, whereby they cheat  
 The simpler sort, that want a piercing eye,  
 The difference of metals to descry.  
 Thus spake *Britanicus* : while many smil'd ;  
 But *Sands* look'd pale, and *Sylvester* wax'd wild  
 For anger and disdain ; *Apollo* then  
 Thus interpos'd, to vindicate these men,  
*Britanicus* (said he) we have too long  
 The language heard of thy traducing tongue,  
 But *Sylvesters*, and *Sands* his worth is such,  
 That thy reproach cannot their honour touch :  
 Since Kings for Majesty, and arts renown'd,  
 Have with receptions kind, their labours crown'd.  
 Besides, wee are inclin'd by some respects,  
 Challeng'd from us, by the infirmer sex,  
 These writers of *Parnassus* to support,  
 To please the fancy of that female sort,  

C 2
Whom

Whom want of these translations might spurre on,  
 For to acquire, and get more tongues then one :  
 Which if they should accomplish, men might rue  
 Those mischiefes which would thereupon ensue.  
 But if nor *Sands*, nor *Sylveſter* can merit,  
 The titles of true Poets to inherit,  
 For what they have perform'd, yet wee relie  
 So much upon their truth, and loyaltie,  
 That wee caufe them to paſſe upon thy tryall,  
 In ſpite of thy exception or denyall.  
 Thus ſpake *Apollo* : then the Pris'ner was  
 Injoyn'd to ſtand aſide, and in his place  
 Did *Aulicus* ſucceed, who by command,  
 In humble fort uprear'd his guilty hand :  
 Full ſadly his indictment he attends,  
 Which him impeach'd, that hee for wicked ends  
 Had the *Caſtalian Spring* defil'd with gall ;  
 And chang'd by witchcraft, moſt Satyricall,  
 The bayes of *Helicon*, and myrtles mild,  
 To pricking hauthornes, and to hollyes wild.  
 Hee was accus'd, that he with ſlanders falſe,  
 With forged fictions, calumnies and tales,  
 Had fought the *Spartane Ephori* to ſhame,  
 And added fewell to the direfull flame

Of

Of civill discord, and domesticke blowes,  
 By the incentives of malicious profe.  
 For whereas, hee should have compos'd his inke  
 Of liquours, that make flames expire, and shrinke  
 Into their cinders, it was there objected,  
 That hee had his of burning oile confected,  
 Of Naphtha, Gunpowder, Pitch, and Saltpeter,  
 Which those combustions raised, and made greater.  
 Hee was accus'd to have unjustly stung  
 The sage *Amphiſtyon* with his venom'd tongue;  
 And that he like the fierce Albanian curre,  
 Did stubbornly choose rather to demurre,  
 And bee dismembred by anothers wit,  
 Then loose his teeth from those, whom first hee bit.  
 Hee was accus'd, that he had us'd his skill,  
*Parnassus* with strange heresies to fill,  
 And that he labour'd had for to bring in,  
 Th' exploded doctrines of the *Florentine*,  
 And taught that to dissemble and to lie,  
 Where vitall parts of humane policie :  
 Of his endictment this was the full sence :  
 To which the Pris'ner pleades his innocence,  
 And puts himselfe upon a legall tryall,  
 But he withall exhibites a denyall

Against a Jurour, for his suit it was,  
 That *May* on his arraignment might not passe :  
 For though a Poet hee must him confesse,  
 Because his writings did attest no lesse ;  
 Yet hee desir'd hee might be set aside,  
 Because hee durst not in his truth confide :  
 Of *May* among twelve moneths he well approv'd,  
 But *May* among Twelve men hee never lov'd :  
 For hee beleev'd that out of private spite  
 Hee would his conscience straine, t' undoe him quite.  
 Hee likewise of offences him accus'd,  
 Whereby his King *Apollo* was abus'd :  
 And with malicious arguments attempts  
 To prove him guilty of subline contempts,  
 But chiefly he endeavour'd to conclude,  
 That hee was guilty of ingratitude :  
 Which crime *Parnassus* Lawes doe so oppose,  
 As in that State, it for high Treason goes.

Then *May* stept forth, and first implor'd the grace  
 And leave of *Phæbus* to maintaine his case :  
 Then to the *Learned Cunsistory* fues,  
 That they would him or censure, or excuse :  
 Then calls the Gods, and all whom they protect,  
 The Starres, and all on whom they doe reflect,

The

The Elements, and what's compos'd of these,  
 Him to acquit from all difloyalties.  
 If by juſt proofes (ſaid hee) thou canſt evince,  
 That I have beene ungratefull to my Prince,  
 Then let mee from theſe groves bee now exil'd  
 To Scythian ſnowes, or into deſerts wild ;  
 Yea, I invoke the Gods that I may feele  
 The Gyants valour, or *Ixions* wheele,  
 If it bee found I have tranſgreſſed thus,  
 As 'tis inform'd by lying *Aulicus*.  
*Apollo* then darts forth an awfull ray  
 From his impiercing eye, which ſilenc'd *May*.  
 So *Kings* (if they bee juſt) may rule like Gods,  
 And be obſerved by their lookes, and nods.  
 Hee *Aulicus* rebuk'd, becauſe hee knew  
 His accuſation from meere malice grew :  
 And him advis'd in peace to ſtand aſide,  
 If hee deſir'd with favour to be try'd.  
 The *Cryer* then did ſummon to the Bar,  
 The *Penman* of the *Weekely Calendar*,  
 Entituled the new *Ephemerides*,  
 Perfeſt Diurnalls call them, if you pleaſe ;  
 But their perfection cannot mee invite,  
 To thinke they merit ſuch an Epethite,

Except

Except truths now for imperfections passe,  
And gold in estimation yeelds to brasse.

Of his endictment the whole summe was this,  
That hee had wrong'd th' *Athenian Novelists*,  
By selling them meere aire, in stead of Sack,  
And puffs of wind, for strong Frontigniac :  
For empty bottles hee was wont to mixe  
Among full flasques, and with these cheating trickes  
Deceiv'd those Merchants, who were not so wise  
To know the full from empty by the poise.  
A fourth Delinquent then was called out,  
A *Second Proteus* or the learned *Scout* :  
This wife *Chamæleon* was wont to weare  
That hue, which was propounded by his feare :  
The summe of his indictment this contain'd ;  
That whereas hee had from *Apollo* gain'd  
A *Patent* to report true newes abroad,  
Without diffimulation, guile, or fraud,  
Yet hee adulterated had his ware  
With manifold impertinences rare  
Yea from his center swarv'd, and gone astray  
Into some matters farre beyond his way :  
And that hee with eight *Pages undiscreeet*,  
Had tofs'd and tax'd high actions in a sheet :

That

That he prognosticks had presum'd to reare,  
 On starres above his quadrant, and his spheare :  
 And that he had presum'd likewise to mixe  
 With his Avifoës sweet, foure politicks,  
 Dispersing weekly maximes of State,  
 As if he chiefly at the helme had fate :  
 And that he had oft in ambiguous fashions,  
 Appear'd as one transform'd in his relations,  
 That it was very difficult to find,  
 Whether he were a bird, or beast by kind :  
 He was accus'd, that he with censures bold,  
 The actions of his betters had controld,  
 And that he with his mercenary hand,  
 Had touch'd affaires of weight not to be scann'd  
 By such as hee : thus was the *Scout* indited,  
 But when he was unto his answer cited,  
 Hee pleads himselfe to be an Innocent,  
 And humbly crav'd the *Bench* for to consent  
 To his impunity, and to dispence  
 VVith errors, that arise from indigence :  
 He further added ; since his fate it was  
 To be referr'd for tryall of his case  
 Unto twelve mouthes ; he crav'd they would admit  
 Twelve noses too ; him to condemne, or quit,  

D
That

That no defect might be of any fence,  
 To finell, or to find out his innocence.  
*Apollo* then retorts an irefull glance,  
 And dash'd the Pris'ner out of countenance :  
 He told him now 't was time to lay aside  
 Impertinent discourse, he should be tryd  
 By twelve, who were sufficient Men, and fit  
 Both for integrity, and pregnant wit :  
 And as for him, whose Vote he did reject,  
 Upon a cavill against some defect :  
 Hee him assur'd that all the world might know,  
 His art was high, although his nose was low :  
 But *Madagascar* chiefly did expresse  
 His raptures brave, and laur'ate worthiness.  
 The *Scout* commanded was then to stand by :  
 And *Civicus* held up his hand on high :  
 Good civill *Civicus*, who to his booke  
 Emblemes affix'd, of what he undertooke,  
 For silly rimes appear'd in the first place,  
 To which was added some Commanders face,  
 That in resemblance, did no more comply  
 With him, whom it was said to signifie,  
 Then doe some storyes which his books containe,  
 Resemble truths : But his offences vaine,

In

In his endictment were declar'd at large,  
 And this was the full purport of his charge ;  
 He was accus'd that he through science bad,  
 Or Magick, or Magnetick figures, had  
 Prefixed to his books ; which did enchant  
 The fancies of the weak, and ignorant,  
 And caus'd them to bestow more time, and coine,  
 On such fond Pamphlets, then on books divine :  
 It was affirm'd, that he was wont to scatter,  
 Upon his single sheet, more words, then matter,  
 And that he had with transmarine narrations,  
 Recruited his domesticall relations, (course  
 And from the *Danes* and *Swedes* fetch'd cold dif-  
 To cloy the stomacks of his Auditours ;  
 And with such stuffe his latter pages patch'd,  
 That they *Brittannicus* his doctrines match'd,  
 Who doubts, and satisfactions wont t'invent,  
 That gave nor satisfaction nor content.  
 VVhile *Civicus* did thus his tryall heare ;  
 One comes, and whispers *Phæbus* in the eare,  
 And him advertis'd, that a secret friend  
 Of *Civicus*, did to his *Highness* fend,  
 A present of some Sack, and fugar loaves,  
 And that therewith, the Giver humbly moves,

D 2

That

That the poore Pris'ner might receive such grace,  
 As might be justly found in such a case.  
*Apollo* then, in choler and disdain,  
 Did thus break out in termes. VVhat madnes vain,  
 Or impudence (said He) in humane race (face  
 Remains? That they should think with bribes t'ef-  
 Our resolutions just, and us divert  
 From judgement by the law, and by desert;  
 Then he the *Gaoler* call'd for (*Honest Ben*)  
 The Keeper fat, of the *Trophonian Den* :  
 Him he commands to feize upon (in haſt)  
 The bringer of the bribe, and keep him faſt;  
 And ſince the *Tubbe* of which he told the tale,  
 By ſplitting, had deceiv'd him of his ale;  
 And ſince his *New-Inne* too had got a crack,  
 He bids him take the Sugar loves, and Sack,  
 To make his lov'd *Magnatick Lady* glad,  
 That ſtill (for want of an applauſe) was ſad.

Then *Civicus* unto his charge did plead  
 Not guilty, and was bidden to recede.

Then with a look like to his ſtyle ſubmiſſe,  
 Stood forth. the *Writer of Occurrences* :  
 He was accuſed to have injur'd *Fame*,  
 And to have diſguiſ'd falſhood by the name

Of

Of *Truth*, and with a goodly *Frontispeice*,  
 To have procur'd his bookes esteeme, and price :  
 Which were compar'd unto a painted Inne,  
 That had nor good wine, nor good cheare within.  
 He was accus'd, that like a subtile theife,  
 He had his readers rob'd of their beleife,  
 And of their wit, and judgment them bereav'd,  
 That willingly, were with his lies deceiv'd :  
 But if some truths (by chance) he utter'd had,  
 These were in such a tedious language clad,  
 That many actors of renowned jests,  
 Depriv'd were of their honor'd interests,  
 By his inglorious penne, and also those  
 Who did affect true elegance in prose,  
 Did from his rustick phrase conceive more hate,  
 Then pleasure from those things he did relate.  
 It likewise was deliver'd in his charge,  
 That he had tortur'd, with his letters large,  
 Ingenious eares, which to plebeian hands  
 He captives made, in auscultations bands.  
 And that mens names, on credit he up tooke,  
 All which he list'd to fill up his booke,  
 And for to make a greater noife, he summes  
 Both Trumpets, Seargeants, Corporalls, & drums,  
D 3
Among

Among the numbers of the flain, or taken,  
 Wherby he did great Officers awaken,  
 That slep't in honours bed, who did complaine,  
 To see themselves mixt with that vulgar train

The Pris'ners plea to this indictment was  
 Flat negative, for in the plainest case,  
 Al Malefactōrs hate confession free ;  
 Confesse and hang is still their maximè.  
 The Pris'ner also crav'd, he might be heard,  
 While he against a jury-man preferr'd  
 A just exception, his request was granted,  
 And fraught with malice, though much wit he  
 He gentle Mr. *Cary* did refuse, (wanted,  
 Who pleas'd faire Ladies with his courtly muse :  
 He said, that he by his luxurious penne,  
 Deserv'd had better the *Trophonian Denne*,  
 Then many now which stood to be arraign'd,  
 For he the *Thespian Fountaine* had distain'd,  
 With foule conceits, and made their waters bright,  
 Impure, like those of the *Hermophrodite*,  
 He said, that he in verse, more loose had bin,  
 Then old *Chærephanes*, or *Aretine*,  
 In obscæne portraitures : and that this fellow  
 In *Helicon* had reard the first *Burdello*,

That

That he had chang'd the chaste *Castalian spring*,  
 Into a *Carian Well*, whose waters bring  
 Effeminate desires, and thoughts uncleane,  
 To minds that earst were pure, and most serene,  
 Thus spake the pris'ner, when a furious glance,  
 Was darted from *Apollo's* countenance,  
 Which strook him dumb : then *Scaliger the wife*  
 Was call'd, to whom *Apollo* thus applies  
 His Speech. *Grave Censour* of our learned Hill  
 Whom your owne merit, and our royall will  
 Hath supervisour made of Arts, and Muses,  
 I wonder at the noise of these abuses,  
 For I conceive not yet, that these effects,  
 Should be th'unhappy fruites of your neglects,  
 So well you've purg'd the *errours of the Times*,  
 That I think not you could permit such crimes,  
 Our manners to corrupt, since that our springs  
 Ought to be kept as pure as beds of Kings :  
 For he that vice, with science doth commixe,  
 Turnes noble *Hippocren'* to ugly *Styx*,  
 In marriage bonds both Heaven and Hell combine  
 Yet Art may Heaven and earth together joyne :  
 Thus spake *Apollo*, then learn'd *Scaliger*  
 Shap'd the reple : I have (my Sovereigne deare)  
With

With care intended what concerns my place,  
 So to conſerve your ſprings from mixtures baſe,  
 Yet all my care, and labour is but vaine,  
 Except *Jove* will conſent t'undoë againe  
 His worke of *Humane nature*, and the fame  
 Of ſuch pure ſtuffe, and perfect temper frame,  
 As it of no corruption may admit :  
 For I have try'd my induſtry and wit,  
 Both Arts, and Authours to refine, and mend,  
 As well as times, yet can I not defend,  
 But ſome luxuriant witt, will often vent  
 Laſcivious Poëms, againſt my conſent :  
 Of which offence, if *Cary* guilty be,  
 Yet may ſome chaſter Songs him render free  
 From cenſure ſharp, and expiate thoſe crimes  
 Which are not fully his, but rather Times :  
 But let your Grace vouchſafe, that he may try  
 How he can make his own Apology :  
*Apollo* then gave *Cary* leave to ſpeake,  
 Who thus in modeſt fort, did ſilence breake.

In wiſdomes nonage, and unriper yeares,  
 Some lines ſlipt from my penne, which ſince with  
 I labour'd to expunge : This Song of mine (teares  
 Was not infuſed by the Virgins nine,

Nor

Nor through my dreames divine upon this Hill,  
 Did this vain *Rapture* issue from my quill,  
 No Thespian waters, but a Paphian fire,  
 Did me with this foule extasie inspire :  
 I oft have wish'd, that I (like *Saturne*) might  
 This Infant of my folly smother quite,  
 Or that I could retract, what I had done,  
 Into the bosome of Oblivion.  
 Thus *Cary* did conclude : for prest by griefe,  
 Hee was compell'd to be concise, and brieve :  
*Phæbus* at his contrition did relent,  
 And Edicts so on through all *Parnassus* sent,  
 That none should dare to attribute the shame  
 Of that fond *rapture*, unto *Caryes* name,  
 But Order'd that the infamy should light  
 On those, who did the fame read, or recite.  
 Hee further-more the Pris'ner did injoyne,  
 Against him all exceptions to decline,  
 And to a legall tryall for to stand,  
 If Hee expected favour at his hand.

The innocent *Scotch Dove* did then advance,  
 Full sober in his wit, and countenance,  
 And though his books contain'd not mickle fence,  
 Yet his endictment shew'd no great offence ;

E

Great

Great Wits, to perills great themselves expose  
 Oft'times ; but the *Scotch Dove* was none of those :  
 In many words he little matter drest,  
 And did Laconick brevity detest,  
 Perspicuous phraze he lov'd, could not endure  
 To be in stile, or in his life obscure,  
 But while his Readers did expect some newes,  
 They found a Sermon, thus did he abuse  
 Good people, that he rather might have took  
 A Lapwing, then a Dove to trimme a book :

    This was his charge : and being call'd to plead,  
     Hee cryes not guilty, and petitioned  
 He might be heard to vindicate his worth  
 From scandall, and reproach, on him cast forth  
 By *Aulicus*, that scoffing *Hipponax*,  
 Who with lewd crimes, did him unjustly tax ;  
 His sute was granted, then did he complaine  
 That *Aulicus*, his title did disdaine,  
 And spitefully in stead of *Scottish Pigeon*,  
 Had him the nick-name given of *Scottish Wigion*  
 And that he had most falsly him accus'd,  
 Prestigious Arts, and Magick to have us'd,  
 Whereby Mens senses were with errors strook,  
 That firebrands, they for *Olive branches* took.

Thus

Thus spake the *Dove*: *Apollo* then reply'd,  
 Wee might condemne your arrogance, and pride,  
 'Cause you the name of *Venus* birds have chose,  
 When *Scotland* hath (you know) no birds like those,  
 Though it abounds with fowle of various kinds;  
 But errours small provoke not heavenly minds,  
 I doubt not, but that *Aulicus* his tongue  
 Hath injur'd you, but were this all the wrong  
 Which it hath done, He might our censure scape,  
 And passe, not for a Serpent, but an Ape.  
 Thus *Phæbus* spake; And then the *Scottish Dove*  
 Rejoyn'd, as zeale and choler did him move;

I challenge to the duell of the pen

Falſe *Aulicus*, that Cynick among men,  
 That enemy of Truth, true honours scourge,  
 That Officine of lyes, and ſlanders forge,  
 Oh let your Grace vouchſafe to turne me looſe,  
 A *Scottish Dove*, againſt the *Romiſh Goofe*.

*Apollo* then reflects a frowning eye,  
 Commands him to deſiſt, and to ſtand by.

The *Cryer* then did the ſwift *Poſt* command,  
 At his indictment to hold up his hand:  
 He was accus'd of theſe enormities,  
 Firſt that with Encheridions of lyes,

He had disturb'd the learned Common-weale,  
 And also in felonious fort did steale  
 From *Euphues*, and *Arcadia*, language gay  
 Therein his vain relations to array,  
 Because he knew that lyes in fine attires,  
 Preferr'd are before truths, by many buyers :  
 Such was his style, such tales did he endite,  
 That he no newes, but *Romants* seem'd to write ;  
 It also strongly was against him urg'd,  
 That he some Packets had contriv'd, and forg'd,  
 Which letters did of false reports containe,  
 And this was meerely done for thirst of gaine :  
 This was his charge ; and because he divin'd  
 That free confession might some favour find,  
 Hee guilty pleads, and then was fet aside.  
 Another then was call'd forth to be try'd :  
 And this was he, who weekly did dispence  
 A miscellany of intelligence :  
 Of his endictment, the effect was this,  
 That he had with his weekly rapfodyes,  
 The Affes of *Parnassus* fore annoy'd,  
 Whom he had fed with many rumours voyd,  
 And vapours vain. Thus like Chamelions they  
 Took smoke in stead of provender and hay,  
And

And therby grew in fence so leane, and lame :  
 That quite unfit for service they became ;  
 It was alleadg'd, that he for lucre's sake,  
 Did false intelligence devise, and make,  
 And car'd not who he gul'd, or did beguile,  
 Soe he might reap therby some profit vile.

These were the crimes, wherof he was accus'd  
 To which he pleads not guilty, but refus'd  
 By Histriomicke Poëts to be try'd,  
 'Gainst whom, he thus maliciously enveigh'd  
     Justice (sayd he) and no sinister fury,  
     Diswades me from a tryall by a jury,  
 That of worse misdemeanours guilty bee,  
 Then those which are objected against mee :  
 These mercenary pen-men of the Stage,  
 That foster the grand vices of this age,  
 Should in this Common-wealth no office beare,  
 But rather stand with vs Delinquents here :  
*Shakespeare's* a Mimicke, *Masinger* a Sot,  
*Heywood* for *Aganippe* takes a plot :  
*Beaumont* and *Fletcher* make one poët, they  
 Single, dare not adventure on a Play.  
 These things are all but th'errour of the Muses,  
 Abortive witts, foul fountains of abuses :

Reptiles, which are equivocally bred,  
 Under some hedge, not in that geniall bed  
 Where lovely art with a brave wit conjoyn'd,  
 Engenders Poëts of the noblest kind.  
*Plato* refus'd such creatures to admit  
 Into his Common-wealth, and is it fit  
*Parnassus* should the exiles entertaine  
 Of *Plato*? therefore (my dread Sovereigne)  
 I crave your Pardon, while I thus presume  
 To supplicate your Highness, to resume  
 Your wonted Justice, that this sacred Hill,  
 No more may suffer by such members ill;  
 Thus spake the Pris'ner : then among the crowd,  
*Plautus*, and *Terence* 'gan to mutter loud,  
 And old *Menander* was but ill apayd,  
 While *Aristophanes* his wrath bewray'd, (ly,  
 With words opprobrious; for it gall'd him shrewd-  
 To see dramatick Poets tax'd so lewdly :  
 And while 'mongst these, the murmure did encrease,  
 The Cryer warn'd them all to hold their peace.

The Court was silent, then *Apollo* spake :  
 If thou (said He) chiefly for vertues sake,  
 Or true affection to the Common-weale,  
 Didst our Dramatick Poëts thus appeale,

VVe

VVe should to thy exception give consent,  
 But since we are assur'd, 'tis thy intent,  
 By this refusall, onely to deferre  
 That censure, which our justice must conferre  
 Upon thy merits; we must needs decline  
 From approbation of these pleas of thine,  
 And are resolv'd that at this time, and place,  
 They shall as Jurours, on thy tryall passe,  
 But if our *Censour*, shall hereafter find,  
 They have deserved ill, we have design'd  
 That they likewise shall be to judgement brought,  
 To suffer for those crimes, which they have wrought,  
 Thus spake the Sovereign of the two-topp'd Mount,  
 Another then was call'd to an account,  
 And this was he, who weekly did pretend,  
*Accounts* of certain news abroad to send.  
 He was accus'd, that he with Pamphlets vain,  
 The art of lying had fought to maintain,  
 VVhich trade, he and his fellows us'd of late,  
 VVith such succeffe, and profit in the State  
 Of high *Parnassus*, that they did conspire,  
 A *Patent* from *Apollo* to acquire :  
 That they might thus incorporated bee,  
 Into a *Company* of *Lyers* free.

This

This was his charge : while he no whit relents,  
But stood to justify his innocence.

The *Pen-man* of the *Perfect Passages*

Then to his tryall did himselfe addresse,  
He was accus'd, that he for love of gain,  
Had injur'd Truth, with many stories vain,  
And that Hee with his mercenary quill,  
Dishonour'd had *Apollo's Noble Hill*.

That Hee, and his associates had attempted  
In a felonious manner, to have empty'd  
*The Fountaines of the Muses*, to fulfill  
That appetite which rose from *Livers ill*.

To this indictment he gave a denyall,

And yeelds himselfe submissively to his tryall.

The subtile *Spye* then to the barre drew nere,  
And with dejected lookes, his hand did reare :

But he in his indictment was accus'd,

*Old Galileos glasses* to have us'd,

Which represented objects to his eye,

Beyond their measure, and just fymmetrie,

VVhereby the faults of many did appeare,

More and farre greater, then indeed they were :

And that he at a distance did recount,

(Like *Lynceus* from the Lilybean mount)

Numbers

Numbers of shippes and men, though he indeed  
 So blind was, that he did a leader need.  
 He was accus'd that (like *Aglaures*) hee  
 Forbidden objects had presum'd to see,  
 And therefore merited in law, and fence,  
 His eares to forfeit, for his eyes offence.

Thus his Indictment rann : It he denies,  
 And for a tryall, on twelve men relies ;  
 But this despitefull *Spye* a cavill rais'd  
 'Gainst *Michael Drayton*, whom he much disprais'd  
 For that great *Poly-Olbion* which he writ,  
 This he tearm'd a rude Embrion of wit,  
 Apeice of low esteeme, together layd  
 Without propitious *Pallas*, or the ayde  
 Of the nine Muses, who did much disdaine  
 The homely features of his *Naiad's* vaine.

Thus spake the *Spye*, and still would have pro-  
 If that *Apollo* had not him impeded. (ceeded

I thinke through th'insolence of these (saide hee)  
 And our remissnesse : we this Barr shall see  
 Become a stage of the *Old Comedye*,

How boldly hath this proud traduceing *Spye*,  
 And his *Comrades*, our honest Poëts checkt,  
 Who from the best have ever found respect :

F

Nor

Nor can smooth *Drayton* scape their censures sharp  
 But at his workes this busy *Spye* must carp :  
*Drayton*, whose Sonnets sweet of *Love heroicke*  
 May melt th'*Effiean*, or the *rigid Stoicke*  
 To amorous *Leanders*, and them move  
 Through Seas of teares, to swim to her they love.  
 This *Swanne* of ours, that impure *Zoylus* blots  
 With scandalls foule, but as the *Ermines* spotts  
 Adde price and estimation to his Furre,  
 Soe the reproofes of this invective curre  
 Give light, and lustre unto *Draytons* worth,  
 And with advantage set his merit forth :  
*Drayton*, who doth, in such magnificke fort  
 Delineate Valour in his *Agincourte*,  
 That this illustrious poëme, doth inspire  
 Even courages of ice, with warlike fire.  
 His *Tragicke Legends* are with force endu'd,  
 To soften Scythians, and Tartars rude,  
 Yea with pathetick Fancies to enchant  
 Obdurate mindes : and hearts of Adamant ;  
 His vertue's so sublime, that even as soone,  
 The *Savage Negro's* darts may pierce the Moone,  
 As the invectives of this froward *Spye*,  
 A drachme of worth, take from his merit high.

Thus

Thus spake *Apollo* : while old *Drayton* smil'd  
To see him curb'd that had him thus revil'd.

Now when the *Jurours* had distinctly heard  
Each Bill, that was against these men preferr'd,  
They then commanded were for to recede,  
Vntill they on their Verdicts had agreed,  
Soe positive the testimonies were ;  
The evidence s'authentique, and foe cleare,  
That they requir'd no man of lawes advice,  
For to decide some points, or matters nice,  
After some time in consultation spent,  
Their verdicts to the Court they did present,  
*George Withers* for their Foreman they had chose  
Who confident was, both in verse and prose ;  
He not did like a Custard, quake and quiver,  
When he his verdict came for to deliver :  
And first, of him it was enquired, whether  
They in their verdict had agreed together :  
He answer'd yes : and then he was commanded  
The prisoner to behold : then thy demanded  
If that *Britannicus* to them appear'd  
Or fit to be condemn'd, or to be clear'd :  
The Foreman guilty cries, then they enquire,  
What he can for himselfe speake, or desire,

F 2

Whereby

VWhereby he might evade that sentence juſt,  
 VWhich inſtantly proceed againſt him muſt.  
 He crav'd his book, but that was him deny'd ;  
 It was his book (they ſaid) which him deſtroyd.  
 Nor was this Priſ'ner onely guilty found,  
 For all his comforts heard the ſelf-fame found.  
*Apollo* then after a conflict high,  
 Between his juſtice, and his clemency,  
 Not without ebullition of ſome teares,  
 Thus ſentence gave upon the Priſoners.  
*Britanicus* condemn'd was to be led,  
 To that place where the *Porcupines* were fed,  
 VWhere to a poſt faſt bound, he muſt remaine,  
 Till with their quils, they had him ſhot and flaine.  
 But *Aulicus*, *Apollo* did condemne,  
 To be transported to the *fatall Denne*  
 VWhich kept thoſe *Vipers*, from all parts collected,  
 Of which *Parnaffus Treacle* was conſected.  
 For when *Apollo* did long ſince deſcry,  
 That Fortune, and the VWorld did much envy  
 The learned crew, and them to *Limbo* ſent,  
 Oft through the poiſon of deep diſcontent  
 Hee through his ſkill in phyſick did deviſe  
 This Antidote againſt all maladies ;

And

And for this end he did those vipers cherrish,  
Among which now, poore *Aulicus* must perish :

But the fly *Scout*, a gentler censure found,  
(*Apollo* with such mildnes did abound)  
For he was destin'd to this punishment ;  
He to the *Vale of Hybla* must be sent,  
There to protect the hives of *Thrifty Bees*,  
From the Invasions and the Larcenies,  
Of *Wasps* and *Hornets* ; but t'was ordered too  
That he starke naked, must this service doe,  
And he these *Robbers* only must assaile,  
With the long feather of a Capons taile,

The wife *Intelligencer* then did heare

His sentence, which seem'd somewhat too severe :  
For he condemn'd was to a *Scullions place*,  
Within the Kitchen of *Appollos grace* ;  
Where he was forc'd his papers to expend,  
Piggs, Pyes, and Geese, from burning to defend.

But *Civicus* was sentenc'd to be gone,  
Both from *Parnassus* and from *Helicon*,  
And to the Fennes of *Lerna* was confin'd  
Where a poore cottage was to him assign'd ;  
There he a fory lively-hood must make,  
By angling Froggs out of a stinking Lake.

The writer also of *Diurnalls* was  
 Condemned to a farre remoter place,  
 For he was banish'd to an uncouth land,  
 Where only *Apes* inhabit and command :  
 And there he was enjoin'd to instruct these,  
 In Musicke, and in divers languages ;  
 Yet had he no more languages then tongues,  
 No other musicke then the Cuckoos songs.  
 But he who did the *Occurrance* compile,  
 Was nor confin'd, nor forc'd to chang his foyle,  
 But by *Apollo's* mercy sentenc'd was,  
 To serve with paper all the *Cloaca's*,  
 That did unto *Parnassus* appertaine,  
 And if hereafter any should complaine,  
 He wanted this for necessary use,  
 Then without bayle and maineprise, or excuse,  
 He must be carri'd to that prison sad,  
*Bocardo* call'd, whence no releasments had.

The writer of the *True Accounts* then heares  
 His greivous censure, with unwilling eares :  
 He was condem'd unto the *Stygian Galley*,  
 Where he was forc'd upon a wooden talley  
 To keep a true account of all those Ghosts  
 That daily ferry'd to the further Coasts :

And

And for his hire, each night receive hee must  
 Three fillips on the nose, with a browne crust,  
 Of mouldy bread : and hee for seven yeares space  
 Was judg'd to bee a bond slave in that place.  
 The *Post* receiv'd (as it to some may seeme)

A sentence no way rigid, or extreme,  
 For hee was not exil'd, nor forc'd to change  
 His calling, for a place of basenes strange :  
 Nor was the gallant off-pring of his wit,  
 Condemned to the Oven, or to the Spitt.  
 It was decreed he should be still permitted  
 For to ride poste, but must be ever fitted  
 With stumbling Jades of such decrepite age,  
 That they would tire, in riding halfe a stage.

*Appollo then* this judgement did expresse,  
 'Gainst th' Author of the *Perfect Passages* ;  
 Hee was confin'd unto a *gloomy Cave* :  
 Which nor to Sunne, nor Moone admiffion gave  
 Here by the glow-wormes blaze, and glimmering  
 Of rottenwood, he was inioyn'd to write (light  
 The Leaguers, Fights, Advances, and Retreates,  
 Assaults, Surprisalls, and all martiall feates,  
 Which in that long, and bloody warre were shew'd  
 Wherein fly *Weasills*, *noysome Ratts* subdu'd

The

The *Spye* then hears his censure, which contains  
A leffer weight of infamy, then paines.

For whereas *Phæbus* had receiv'd of late  
Petitions meeke, from the *Pigmean State*,  
Which shew'd how the stern *Cranes* with irefull teen  
Opprest had these *Epitomes of men*,  
And with their stratagems, and warlike fleights  
Reduc'd that Nation to deplored streights :  
For they, arm'd with black bills, in combate fierce,  
Had foil'd those foote and halfe-foote Cavaliers :  
And with their watchfull *Camifades* likewise  
Did them by night so frequently surprise,  
That they were forc'd to crave *Appollos* aide,  
Approching death, and ruine to evade,  
Who pitties their estate, and to comply  
With their desires, appoints the cunning *Spye*  
To post away to the *Pigmean Land*;  
To be assistant with his helping hand ;  
And to discover with his peircing eyes,  
The *Cranes* deepe plotts, and hidden subtilties :  
*Apollo* likewise did injoine the *Spye*,  
To visit *Caucasus* as he pass'd by,  
*Cloud-topping Caucasus*, where *Eagles* strong  
Their airyes have, the horrid Clifles among :

With

With these fierce Birdes, him hee commands to  
 About the levyes of some Forces great ; (treate,  
 Against th' insulting *Cranes* to bee imploy'd,  
 Which the *Pigmeans* poore had so annoy'd.

In lieu of other punishment, the *Spye*  
 Was bound to undertake this Embassye :  
 And did applaud *Apollos* mercy strange,  
 That did his censure to an honour change.

The *Scottish Dove* then heard this sentence faire :  
 Hee to his native countrey must repaire,  
 And was on paine of death prohibited,  
 To crosse the Seas, or to repasse the the *Twede*,  
 But while his guilty fellowes did envye  
 His easy Mulct, and gentle penaltie ;  
 Hee cry'd his sentence was severe, and hard,  
 And might with most of theirs, bee well compar'd,  
 For if they knew the Horne as well as hee,  
 They'd rather dye, then there imprison'd bee.

When judgement was on all the Pris'ners past,  
*Appollo* to dissolve the Court did haſt ;  
 But *Aulicus* in most submissive wife,  
 For Mitigation of his censure cries :

G

So

So did *Britanicus*. *Phæbus* relents,  
And takes the edge off from their punishments,  
They were repriv'd. Then all the Court commen-  
*Appollo's* mercy : Thus th' *Affizes* ended. (ded

Printed and Published according to  
Order.

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*FINIS.*

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## The Spenser Society.

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THE Volumes of the Spenser Society now issued constitute the third and fourth which the Council have had the pleasure to send out to the members for the seventeenth year. The previous issues, "The Mirrour of Good Maners," by Alexander Barclay, translated from the Latin of Dominike Mancin, and "Certayne Egloges," gathered by Barclay "out of a Booke named in Latin Miseriæ Curialium, compiled by Eneas Silvius," have given much satisfaction, judging from letters received. Barclay's translation of the "Ship of Fools" was reprinted a few years ago by Paterson of Edinburgh, and it was suggested to him to print with it the works issued this year by the Society. These two works appear in the second edition of the "Ship of Fools." As, however, they did not accompany the recent reprint, and the Council had reason to believe that the reprint was in the hands of many of the members, it was resolved to print the works now under notice. They are of extreme interest, especially the "Egloges," as illustrating the period in which they were written, particularly the Court life of that day.

"The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus," and the "Vaticinium Votivum; or Palæmon's Prophetick Prayer," are included, without question, by Mr. Hazlitt, in his Bibliographical Handbook, amongst the works of George Wither. There is much doubt, however, in the minds of many critics whether George Wither wrote either of them, and in this doubt the President participates. They are, however, of considerable rarity, and are so much identified with the works of Wither, that the Council thought it desirable to reprint them.

The Society is now in its eighteenth year, and looking back on its successful career, the President cannot but painfully feel the loss of the learned and valued friends and colleagues who formed its first Council. Of all that number, and of many that joined afterwards, the Rev. E. W. Buckley alone survives.

A statement has been published respecting the origin of the Society so inaccurate, that the President thinks it necessary very briefly to place on record the way in which the Society arose. In 1867 he was in London, and calling upon his friend F. J. Furnivall, Esq., the Director of the Early English Text Society, he was asked why we did not do something for our early English literature in Manchester. This led to a conversation, in which Mr. Furnivall urged that a Society should be formed in Manchester to reprint some of the rare works of the 16th and 17th centuries. On his return to Manchester, he hastened to the Chetham Library to discuss with its learned curator the scheme suggested by Mr. Furnivall. He found assembled at the Library, Mr. Crossley, the Rev. Mr. Corser, and Mr. Napier, and mentioning the object of his visit, found the project warmly welcomed. Mr. Crossley stated that his friend the Rev. Alexander Dyce, had frequently regretted to him that no complete collection of the works of George Wither, or of John Taylor, had ever been formed, and expressed a strong desire that a complete collection of the works of both writers should be printed if that were possible, but that no publisher would undertake the risk on his own responsibility. Moreover, many of the works would be difficult to procure. Mr. Corser then stated that he believed he had the largest collection of the writings of both Taylor and Wither that had ever been got together, and that they should be at the command of the Society if it could be established. The five gentlemen then present formed themselves into a Committee or Council, and Mr. Corser was urged to allow himself to be nominated the first President. This he declined on account of his advanced age, and Mr. Crossley was then persuaded to take the Presidency. The writer of this notice was named Vice-President. Very little difficulty was found in getting the requisite number of subscribers, and in a few weeks the Society became an accomplished fact.

The publications began with the Proverbs of John Heywood, a copy of which was in the Chetham Library, and it was intended to follow up this volume with the printing of the Interludes, but Mr. Corser's desire that his collections of Taylor and Wither should be pressed forward, from the uncertainty of his own life, caused them to be early taken up.

Mr. John Payne Collier had been reprinting in very limited issue a number of the Early English Poetical Miscellanies, and was desirous to obtain from Mr. Corser the remainder which were in that gentleman's library. One of these, Robinson's "Handful of Pleasant Delites," was a unique. It is now in the library of the British Museum. Mr. Corser thought that these works would be valuable to the Society, to relieve the monotony of the great series, the publication of which was its special object. These Miscellanies had high poetic merit, and the beauty of the Typography of some of them could scarcely be surpassed.

The Society has now issued upwards of forty volumes, and it may be said for them that as reprints the style in which they have been produced is not equalled by those of any other Society. There are no such collections of the works of Taylor and Wither to be found in any library in the world as those which form the bulk of the Society's reprints.

It was decided at one of the early meetings that no lengthy introductions or memorials should be written, but that the respective authors should be presented to the subscribers with the utmost accuracy, and that the subscriptions should not be wasted in modern matters. The object of the Council was to produce the author himself for study, just as a scholar would go to the original, leaving to future biographers or critics the production of special editions. Perhaps no man was more competent than Mr. Crossley to have written Memorial-Introductions, but he felt that these were quite beside the objects of the Society.

Considering how many works have been lost from our early English literature, and that of many works still in existence very few copies remain, it is of the highest importance to prevent their absolute loss to literature by reprinting such a number of copies as will save them from entire extinction. As already stated, one of the works reprinted by the Spenser Society is a unique copy, and of several of the others very few copies are to be found. If only half a dozen copies of an author's works remain to us, only that number of persons can possess them, and they are in many instances utterly unavailable, not only to general readers but sometimes to literary enquirers. How important is it then that copies should be accessible in every considerable public library.

The value of these examples of our ancient literature is not to be estimated from one point of view only. Their poetry may be attractive to one ; the illustrations they give of the manners and customs of the time at which they first appeared may be interesting to another ; the modes and tone of thought, the legends, superstition, forms of expression, and even the exemplification of change in language and orthography, may assist the researches of a third. It would be almost impossible fully to realize much that is contained in George Wither's writings without a study of the writings themselves. Even the coarseness and comicality of John Taylor bring forcibly before us a phase of life in the time in which he lived not to be found in the works of any other author, whilst the poem with which the collection of his works opens indicates a power and devotion in the man which some of his other works would lead us little to expect.

The various reprinting and publishing societies, supplemented by the efforts of private individuals, give rich promise that in a few years all our early literature, with the exception, perhaps, of the theological, will be open to every student of English history.

Striking out theology and law, the remaining literature up to the year 1600 might be contained within a room of very moderate dimensions.

Sufficient reasons have been given in former addresses to the subscribers, for reprinting the works of the Society in *fac-simile*.

It is a pleasure to know that very few resignations have taken place since the commencement of the Society. The lapses have been almost entirely by death or by removal to distant places. There are still about a hundred subscribers remaining, and as long as this number can be kept up the Council will endeavour in each year to present works worthy of those that have gone before. The present President cannot expect long to retain the office he holds, but there are members of the Council eminently fitted to carry on the work of the Society when he shall have stepped aside.

JOHN LEIGH,  
PRESIDENT.

THE MANOR HOUSE, HALE,  
November 25th, 1835.

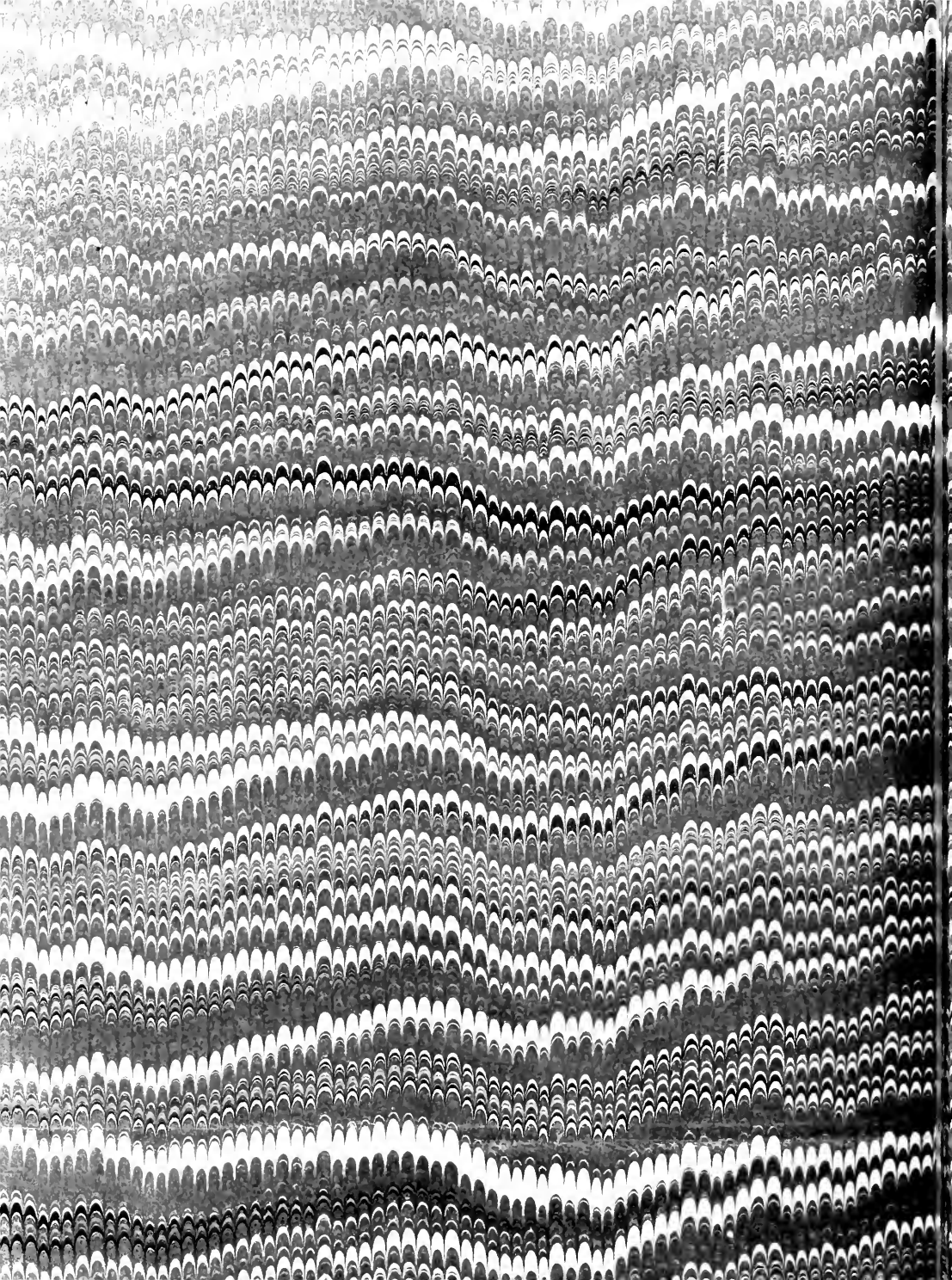














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